The Critic

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Literature

A Side-Light on Ancient Art *

IT IS NOT the lotus of the lotophagi, the jujube; nor the melilot, sweet clover; nor the lotus from the wood of which flutes were made, ebony; nor the rose lotus of India and Japan, the plant now best known by the name, the *nelumbium speciosum* of the botanists, but the Nile water-lily, *nymphea lotus*, with blue or white flowers, and, possibly, a pink variety, that William H. Goodyear treats of in his handsomely printed and abundantly illustrated monograph, 'The Grammar of the Lotus.' We were aware that the ancient Egyptians delighted in the water-lily, that their ladies wore it in their hair, that they offered it to the nostrils of their guests and their gods, and had it buried with them in their mummy-cases. But we learn from Mr. Goodyear that it was almost the only plant figured in Egyptian decoration, and that the Egyptian lotus designs were carried all over the Mediterranean and into Mesoptoamia at a very early date, and became the basis of both European and Eastern ornamentation. Not only that, but lotus designs reached Scotch lake-dwellers in their *cranogs*, New Mexican Indians in their pueblos and Polynesian savages in their grass huts, and set them all to carving and painting and inlaying the same meanders and 'sun circles' and swastikas. The Egyptian lotus is the *fleur-de-lis* of monarchical France, and it decorates the broad back of the Maori warrior. In short, the sun-flower should be deposed, and the lotus—that is, the water-lily—should be elevated in its stead as the universal symbol of æstheticism.

We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Goodyear step by step in his learned and ingenious effort to prove that all things decorative have sprung from the 'flower which was in the Beginning.' As regards the prevalence of lotus forms in Egyptian decoration and in the archaic art of Cyprus and the Ægean Islands, he has, we think, fully established his position. He shows that the forms commonly referred to as papyrus or *nelumbium* by Egyptologists in their descriptions of the monuments were probably intended for the water-lily, that it has been mistaken for garlic by Menant, for a daisy by Babelon, and for a pig-tail by Schuchardt; that a multitude of conventional designs on Cypriote and Rhodian vases, Assyrian 'sacred trees' and Phœnician steles were taken from it at second hand; that the 'egg-and-dart' moulding, the Ionic capital and the Greek anthemion may have been developed out of it. But we cannot agree with him in assuming that it was the sole origin of every sort of pattern, even in Egypt. Spirals, scrolls, crosses, concentric circles, the key pattern, chevrons, and so forth, have been derived in certain cases from naturalistic ornament; but it does not follow that wherever we see a spiral or a chevron there must have been a lotus. Given the tools and an instinct for decoration, geometrical ornament will spontaneously follow; and without the tools and the instinct to use them there can be no copying. There is no standing presumption that geometric must have come from naturalistic ornament. It is in each case a question of dates and communication. But wherever Mr. Goodyear has been able to date his Egyptian examples, we find that geometric forms are more ancient than those that can be recognized as immediately adapted from the water-lily. And the geometrically decorated vases dug up from under the lava in Santorin can hardly be held to show the effect of Egyptian influence. In later Ægean work, where that influence is incontestible, native invention is very obvious along with it; and in classic ornament, as our author seems to admit, there is a certain return to nature—but not to the lotus. It is not too much to say, however, that Mr. Goodyear has put a new complexion on the whole subject, and he has brought together a mass of material, tracings, drawings and photographic prints, of great importance for the history of early Mediterranean civilization and the origins of classic art.

* The Grammar of the Lotus. By William H. Goodyear, M.A. $15. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" *

IT IS A CURIOUS THING that Thomas Hardy, after having written a preface to justify the sub-title of this novel, 'A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented,' should have seen fit to omit it even from the new and revised American edition. The English edition, with its preface and its suppressed chapter, will reach few readers on this side of the water; the American edition, minus either of these, has gone broadcast over the country, and has, for many reasons, created an uncommon stir. The novel has great strength in some directions; it is a vivid, striking picture of life in England under certain conditions, and within the limits of a certain class. These daughters of the soil are very sharply and clearly and most sympathetically outlined by Mr. Hardy's graphic pen. Life in its finer, sweeter and more cheerful aspect on the dairy farm at Talbothays, as well as the harder and more grinding aspect of life in the winter on the dreary farm at Flintcomb Ash, is unfolded before our eyes in a manner to make us appreciate the difference in the point of view of these people, and to take that difference into consideration in passing judgment upon them. The interest the book inspires is absorbing and unflagging from the first page to the last, although the book itself is somewhat illogical and inartistic.

It is always unfortunate for an author in a work of fiction to start out by assuming a position he is obliged to defend. Too much of his time is taken up with the argument, and he is too much absorbed in establishing his position to note the false steps he takes in doing so. Our author's heroine is most faithfully presented; no one can question that for a moment—all the tendencies of her nature towards good or evil, as well as all the incidents of her checkered, unfortunate and most pitiful career, are spread out before us in all their boldness. If Mr. Hardy had been content to eliminate the word 'pure' from the sub-title, and had confined himself to asserting that his book was the faithful presentation of a woman, there would have been no disposition to quarrel with him, and the ultimate judgment of Tess would probably have been more lenient, more humane and more sympathetic. As it is, there is no reasonable excuse for Tess's first error; she did not even love the man who seized hold of her young life and, in a spirit of pure wantonness, ruined it. From that moment we look forward to the unresisting inevitableness with which she yields to every impulse, we expect the force of circumstances to overcome her principles at every turn, we know that she must forever have some one to stand between her and harm, or it will always overwhelm her. The spirit of fatalism so abnormally developed in Tess is, after all, the true motive of the story; it dominates her whole life to the exclusion of everything else which might influence it. She apparently yields to the first man because it is not in the order of things for a woman of her class to resist a 'gentleman.' She would have yielded in the same way to the second if he had not loved her truly and married her. When her husband hears her story, and decides to leave her, it does not for a moment occur to her

* Tess of the D'Urbervilles. By Thomas Hardy. $1.50. Harper & Bros.

to protest. She suffers everything that mortal flesh can suffer in his absence, and gives no sign, because he has told her not to. She goes back to the first man because he persistently tells her that she must, and she murders him finally, because she always knew at some time she should do it. When the officers of the law find and arrest her she makes no resistance; her time has come. Faulty as the book is, however, its strength is undeniable, and the human and personal interest which its characters inspire speak for it very forcibly.

George Mason of Virginia *

GUNSTON HALL is a stately mansion on the Potomac, not far from Mount Vernon, and sharing with it the reverence of reverential Virginians for the ancestral homes of great kindred distinguished in letters, arms, and politics. Its immediate neighborhood is thick with names and associations precious to Virginians and to the country at large,—Washingtons, Lees, Fairfaxes, and others whose names are household words, and whose signatures vary the quaint chirography of the signers of the Declaration. At Gunston Hall lived the Masons, and, pre-eminent among them, George Mason, the subject of this exhaustive biography by a collateral descendant. The beautiful old mansion, on its commanding height, overlooks a picturesque river, even richer in famous names than the James (affectionately called the *Jeems* by true old Virginians) or the York. From Arlington, all the way down, there is an almost uninterrupted succession of 'halls' and plantations, once occupied by the gentry and aristocracy of old Virginia. Pohick Church—*sacrum et venerabile nomen*—lies between the homes of Washington and Mason. Passing steamers view a panorama of rich verdure and undulating slope as they glide down from Washington beside these historic houses, now escaped from the leashes of family ownership, and held by aliens, or by the nation as Delphic spots of national pilgrimage.

Amid their broad acres grew up men like the subject of this memoir,—great lawyers, great commanders, great patriots, men who wrote or who signed the document of 1776, commanded the armies of the Revolution, moulded the destinies of the Commonwealth, and furnished, in later wars, heroes for Chapultepec or Gettysburg. Mason was a type of these men, a civic type of the highest order, a Virginia planter who was capable, like Jefferson and Madison, of drawing up a great State paper as well as of managing great estates successfully. He built Gunston Hall, and was born, in 1725, not far from where the colonial mansion rose. A friend of Washington, he became an author of remarkable political papers, a member of the Virginia Assembly and of the Federal Convention of 1787, the champion of States'-rights, an anti-Federalist leader in 1788, and the author of the immortal Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776, as well as of the Constitution of the State, to which the Bill was a preamble. The table on which the Constitution was written is now a treasured relic of the Virginia Historical Society.

The career of this interesting colonial and Revolutionary figure is followed with extraordinary care and minuteness by Miss Rowland in these two octavos. No stone has been left unturned beneath which a document, a letter, a reference, an intimacy might be found to establish facts or clear up doubts in the statesman's life. Many of his notable State papers are given in full; his family relationships are traced with almost tedious pertinacity along the wavering lines of family reminiscence or MSS.; and contemporary documents of all sorts, private and public, are abundantly quoted to fix Mason's position on great public questions at important dates. Miss Rowland's work deserves the warmest recognition as evidence of what patient literary skill can do in grappling with complicated historical problems. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee (a Mason on his mother's side) furnishes an introduction.

* The Life of George Mason: 1725-92. By Kate Mason Rowland. Including his Speeches, Public Papers and Correspondence. Introduction by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. 2 vols. $8. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Wright's Gothic Primer *

NUMEROUS PRIMERS of Gothic exist both in English and German, but none so fully represent the scientific and historical school as Prof. Wright's, a product of the Oxford scholarship of 1892. The study of the language of this remarkable people, who kept the later Roman Empire in a continual stir up to the time when they amalgamated with it in Dacia, Lombardy, and Spain, is more and more recognized as indispensable not only to the student of Germanic philology in general, but to the student of Anglo-Norman and English in particular. Every now and then a great hue and cry is raised over the necessity of the study of some particular aspect of English, like that raised by Kington-Oliphant over the neglected Norse sources of the language; but all scholars are agreed that, be Anglo-Norman or 'Scandian' what they may as contributors to the vocabulary of English, Gothic is the one general foundation-stone of the entire Teutonic sisterhood, and therefore Gothic must enter first and foremost into all real and thorough study of the group.

To this intent, Prof. Wright, already well known by his excellent primers of Old and Middle High German (Clarendon Press Series: 1888), has buckled on his armor again and gone forth valiantly as a champion of the Goths converted by Ulfilas in the fourth century. His primer of 247 pages condenses in elementary form all that a beginner need know of a language as interesting as Sanskrit in its way; phonology, accidence, extracts from the four Gospels and from Timothy, notes, and glossary. Thus equipped, after due and conscientious passage through the shallower waters of the primer, one is fully prepared for the admirable complete editions of Bernhardt, Heyne (the source of the texts of the present book), Gobelentz and Loebe, and the extended grammars of Braune, Meyer, and Douse, the History of Gothic by Sievers, and the voluminous bibliography of K. Goedeke's 'Grundriss' (Dresden: 1884). In a book delightfully printed like this, Gothic does not look so formidable as it does in the 'lösch-papier' form of the usual German edition. Accuracy, too, is to be expected of the translator of Brugmann's 'Comparative Grammar', though there are misprints on pp. 103 and 104. The accidence and syntax are drawn mainly from Braune and Douse. We are at a loss to know why Dr. Wright ignores so suspiciously the excellent works of Skeat ('Gothic Glossary,' 'Gospel of St. Mark', etc.) in this field—except on the ground that Skeat is at Cambridge and Wright is at Oxford.

* A Primer of the Gothic Language, with Grammar, Notes and Glossary. By Joseph Wright, Ph.D., Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. $1.25. Macmillan & Co.

"Germanic Origins" †

IN 'GERMANIC ORIGINS' Dr. Francis B. Gummere, Professor of English in Haverford College, gives us a very interesting study in primitive culture. He writes about the sources of language, literature and institutions of the great English-speaking race. He looks far back into that misty period when they still held their old home, their old faith and their old customs. He has collected the books that tell him these secrets, and distilled for us their essence. He has relied on Grimm for mythology, on Müllenhoff for archæology, and on Waitz for institutions. He has also saturated his mind with the spirit of early Germanic literature, and makes his quotations from this, as well as from Tacitus and Cæsar, at first hand. His matter is well arranged, and wit and humor enliven his discussions of land and people, and the inner and outer world of thought and phenomena. He shows how much these ancient bog-trotters and wood-rangers thought of stature, personal beauty, fine hair, clothing and adornment. One easily sees that

† Germanic Origins. By Francis B. Gummere. $2. Charles Scribners' Sons.

belles and dandies were relatively as numerous in pre-Roman days as in our time of 'artistic tailors.' The charm of Dr. Gummere's book is, that although the linguistic results of scholars are liberally used, his own writing is not a mass of dry details, but a luminous picture, almost a story of the social life of our ancestors. He tells of the husband, the wife, the family, of trade and commerce, of manners, customs and morals, and of worship, whether of the dead, of nature, or of the gods. The poetry of the primitive speech, the delightsome words that expressed the German's joy in nature, companionship with the tree or with the waves, his sword or his steed, stud the author's pages like jewels.

Dr. Gummere carefully considers the question as to the preponderance of Celtic or of Germanic blood, ideas and inheritance in the English-speaking peoples, and demonstrates that our civilization is overwhelmingly Germanic. We are the true heirs of the liberty-loving people who beat back the Romans and drove the Celts before them. The Teutonic ancestor of Prussian, Netherlander, Anglo-Saxon, Englishman and Yankee was not the semi-Romanized creature existing only in the minds of a few romancing historians, but was a strong and original character, with a rudimentary civilization of his own. Out of the elements gathered from manifold sources, the author reconstructs the primitive German, who seems a very real man. Notwithstanding that we do not yearn for the ages close to the pre-historic to come back, and prefer pavements, drainage and tailor-made clothes, yet one's natural admiration for his far-distant progenitors is enhanced by the reading of Dr. Gummere's fascinating study. The book is well indexed.

Luders's "The Dead Nymph, and Other Poems" *

ONE CANNOT READ this small volume of poems without feeling that literature suffered a distinct loss when the young poet Charles Henry Lüders died. It is very unusual in these days to come across a poem of fancy so graceful as 'The Dead Nymph' in a young writer's first book, and it is altogether unusual to find there anything so fine in feeling and expression as 'The Four Winds,' which, recalling a great master as it does, impresses one as being worthy of him. This was Mr. Lüders's highest and broadest flight of song; it has every token of spontaneity and of genuine sentiment, and it makes one feel perfectly sure of the writer's rare poetic gift. His imaginative power is seen in such pieces as 'Dawn and Dusk at Karnak.' What an excellent figure is in these lines!

> The golden scarabæus of the day
> Down the bright west crawled softly; and the faint
> Inscriptions faded; and a small, pale cloud,
> Brushed by the great sun-beetle's wing, flushed red
> And swam, a lotus petal, in the blue; ——

The same power is shown in 'The Marble Naiad' and many of the sonnets. The spirit which pervades all the work in this choice little collection is that of a lovable, sincere and sensitive nature. Only such an one could have come so close to the great mother of us all, and won from her so many secrets. Lover and beloved of her, to his verse belongs the charm of her beauty. He was a student of his art; his artistic sense was keen; he left nothing with the scratch of the file on it, but he was wise enough to use the file when necessity required; and, above all, he sang what came into his heart to sing—not by ear, but by note. This volume is a small corner-stone for a reputation in letters to be built upon, but it is well laid; it will last as a memorial of him, and to all who love poetry it will shine with happiness. He had a glad heart and a sunny mind, yet both heart and mind felt and thought deeply for all that concerns us here—a real life and an earnest one. That was a true perception of the worth of his gift which inspired these words, whose fulfilment may be found in this volume:—

> However much my arrows have fallen short,
> Or swerved aside, or overshot that mark,
> Far-set, whose circles centre but in Truth;
> This the desire—the one unfading dream—
> The hope of my young manhood,—so to stand,
> So aim, so loose the tense expectant string,
> That, at the last, each winged shaft may fly
> Unto the heart of Truth unerringly.

* The Dead Nymph, and Other Poems. By Charles Henry Lüders. $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rudyard Kipling's "Ballads" *

HERE IS A VOLUME of verse which offers to lovers of balladry the best product of the times, and serves up its finest dish in the first course. 'The Ballad of East and West' is Mr. Kipling's poetical masterpiece, and it is fine enough to keep him remembered so long as there are ballad-readers. It is by far the most conspicuous thing in this collection, but it has plenty of good company both among the new and the old of the author's stirring rhymes. 'The King's Mercy' and 'The King's Jest' show a great deal of power in putting a dramatic story into simple and vigorous verse, yet neither is quite equal to the old favorite, 'Danny Deever.' Of the 'Barrack-Room Ballads' we have already spoken in these columns, though it is necessary to add now that they impress one better in their new association. Of the new ballads one is compelled to say that Mr. Kipling is most successful when he is telling plain tales from the hills, 'The Three Captains' and 'Tomlinson' falling short of the standard set by the story of Kamal. There is in some of the new pieces a good deal of obscurity, which is not to be tolerated in a ballad. A ballad does not require the highest order of poetic genius, but it does require genius, and of a kind which Mr. Rudyard Kipling seems to have a rich stock of. This volume is dedicated to the late Wolcott Balestier, to whom we presume these lines refer:—

> To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—
> Gods, for they knew the heart of Men—men, for they stooped to Fame—
> Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.
>
> Scarce had he need to cast his pride or slough the dross of earth,
> E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth—
> In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.

Poetry and Verse

IN THESE DAYS of many books, few collections of minor poetry are so well worth republishing as the one which contains the poems of the late William Caldwell Roscoe, edited, with a brief and modest preface, by his daughter. The contents of the volume include a number of lyrical poems and sonnets, besides two dramas written in the poet's youth. While as a whole the work lacks individuality, it is characterized by thoughtfulness, lofty sentiment and occasional touches of imagination, and is attractive, therefore, to those who care for simple and scholarly verse. There are several passages in the dramatic pieces which reveal a good deal of power and prove the author's ability to write dignified blank-verse; and the plays themselves are interesting. Among the short poems we find one called 'Excuse,' which, as it shows what many others in the collection show—namely, the influence of the Elizabethan poets,—and is a charming echo of Lovelace, we quote herewith:—

> Blame me not, love, that I do wear
> An ever-changing hue;
> You are my sunshine, and I bear
> My lights and shades from you.
>
> Do not your lover, love, upbraid
> To show a hasty mind;
> The heaven itself is not more staid,
> So you continue kind.
>
> I am your instrument, dear love;
> And if the tone be jarred,
> Those strings which should in concord move
> Are touched amiss and marred.

* Ballads, and Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.25. Macmillan & Co.

This is an echo, truly; but how much better it is than nine-tenths of the original songs of like character written now-a-days! ($3. Macmillan & Co.).

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED at the Aberdeen University Press, the complete works of 'the greatest song-writer ever born of the English race', as Mr. Swinburne calls him, have recently appeared in two charming little Elzevir volumes, edited by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard and published by a new London firm of which Mr. A. H. Bullen, of Elizabethan verse anthology fame, is a member. The poems are numbered according to their order in the original edition of 1648, and are given without expurgation. The editor's contributions are a brief sketch of what is known of the poet's life, plentiful foot-notes in explanation of the difficulties of phrase or allusion in the poems, and a careful body of notes at the end of each volume. Besides these, Mr. Swinburne's essay upon the character of Herrick's genius is given as a preface, from which we quote this bit of praise:—'As a creative and inventive singer, he surpasses all his rivals in quantity of good work; in quality of spontaneous instinct and melodius inspiration he reminds us, by frequent and flawless evidence, who above all others must beyond all doubt have been his first master and his first model in lyric poetry—the author of "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love." * * * He knew what he could not do: a rare and invaluable gift. Born a blackbird or a thrush, he did not take himself (or try) to be a nightingale.' Such an edition of Herrick as this is has long been awaited, and its excellence repays the protracted period of patience. We welcome these first comers of the Muse's Library, and are pleased to know that they are to be followed by an edition of the poems of Andrew Marvell. (2 vols. $3.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

IT IS NINE YEARS since Mr. Maurice Thompson's 'Songs of Fair Weather' was published, and during these years the poet's interviews with the lyric muse have been comparatively few. As reported in the recently printed volume of his 'Poems,' these interviews have generally been pleasant and informal, though conducted with just a little more ceremony than was customary in the old days of Fair Weather calls. The best things in this new collection are not the new things, yet many of the new poems are very good. Mr. Thompson's earlier songs are unexcelled of their kind, and that rare little first volume is one of the most genuinely poetic contributions to American literature; but some of his later verse seems to show a certain straining after effect—a slight affectation of manner—which renders it less pleasing than its out-door predecessors. There are about three dozen new poems in the present volume, besides nearly all the poems in the former one, and they make an admirable showing for the poet. Minor verse in a major key, and full of spontaneity; out-door singing as natural as a bird's; nothing that savors of the oil-lamp and a close room; poems revealing much that is fine in thought, imagination and feeling—these are what the lover of poetry will find in Mr. Maurice Thompson's collected 'Poems.' ($1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE TRANSLATION of the Idylls of 'Theocritus' into English verse by the late Charles Stuart Calverley is now in its third edition. The clever and scholarly author of 'Fly Leaves' has followed the original closely in his English renderings, which are made in a variety of metres and generally in rhyme. In the very interesting preface the translator sets forth his notions as to the proper method of turning the Greek verse into English, and among other things says this:—'Prose translations are of course tenable. * * * These considerations against them occur to one: that, among the characteristics of his original which the translator is bound to preserve, one is that he wrote metrically; and that the prattle which passes muster, and sounds rather pretty than otherwise, in metre, would in plain prose be insufferable. Very likely some exceptional sort of prose may be meant * * *.' Those of us who are familiar with Mr. Andrew Lang's prose rendering of these Idylls know what sort of prose is meant. A comparison of the two translations makes one prefer the prose of Mr. Lang to the verse of Mr. Calverley, and the reason for the preference is that Mr. Lang's version is the more poetical of the two. Scholarly and clever men both, Mr. Calverley was less a poet than is Mr. Lang. ($3. Macmillan & Co.

Recent Fiction

'CORINTHIA MARAZION,' by Cecil Griffith, consists of nearly four hundred closely printed, tedious pages, all about the vagaries of a young physician in a small country town in England. He is engaged in his early youth to his cousin, Corinthia, who lives with him and his father. The girl occupies the position of secretary to the old man, and is very useful to him, so, on selfish grounds purely, he opposes the marriage at that time. Years pass, and the son sees something of life, drifting away from his fiancée as fast as he can. His father perceives how things are going at last, lays aside his own interests for a while, and insists that the marriage shall take place at once. But it is too late, the young fellow has no idea of carrying the plan out any further; he has tasted the sweets of freedom and of pleasure, and wishes to continue to do so. By this time the reader will probably have reached the point of not caring in the least what he does, but if the contrary should be the case he may pursue him at his leisure, this much serving only as an introduction to his career. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)——GEORGE HEPWORTH'S little book, 'The Life Beyond,' takes for its text the phrase, 'This mortal must put on immortality,' and consists of a series of talks, between a teacher and his supposed pupil, bearing upon the problem of the future life. The general conclusion deduced from all these questions and answers is expressed in these words:—'To know that life is only the beginning is to journey with a high heart; to fear that it may be the end is to shiver and shrink as the years toll themselves into the past.' The author says in his preface that he is especially gratified by the conviction that he has not made a single statement which could be called original. If he is honest in this his book is an undoubted success, from his own standpoint, as it is simply a repetition of the old truths in the old way. It has been better done before. ($1. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

'DON BRAULIO,' according to his sister-in-law, killed himself because he was despondent by nature, had less religion than a horse, was in despair at being ugly and infirm, and had been so rash as to marry a young and pretty woman. The author, Juan Valera, ascribes other reasons also, among them the censoriousness of a wicked world and the misconduct of Doña Inez, herself. But Don Braulio is little more than the regulation poor Spanish gentleman of fiction, and the reader's interest is centered, especally towards the end, on his handsome sister-in-law, who sins with Olympian calmness and so naturally that no one suspects her. Even in Clara Bell's translation, which seems to take little account of fine shades of meaning, she is a delightful creature, and we are just as happy at her ultimate good fortune as if she had deserved it. Don Braulio and his wife are both too clever by half, and too good for their acquaintance, and so bring disaster on themselves. Doña Inez is as good as—Mr. Hardy's Tess; but, not being over clever, comes out all right in the end. ($1. D. Appleton & Co.)

'FIFTY POUNDS FOR A WIFE' was a good deal to pay in the circumstances. Gerald Daubeny, there can be no reasonable doubt, might have obtained Miss Winifred Flowers from her reputed father for less. Flowers was proprietor of a travelling show; Winifred refused to learn her part, which was nothing but swearing, and Mr. Daubeny, his 'stinging contempt' and his fifty pounds came just in time to save her from an inhuman whipping. It turns out, in the usual way, that Winifred is the daughter of a baronet, Gerald's step-uncle; also, that she is an intermittent maniac who has murdered her mother and who, the reader will *not* be surprised to learn, falls in love with and abducts herself. She is rescued for the second time by Gerald; and then the author, A. L. Glyn, having administered the customary dose of harmless horrors for an adult, brings his tale to a close. It is really not half bad as a story, provided one knows what to expect when he begins the book. It is a cross between 'Monk' Jervis and Charles Dickens, with a touch of the same hand that drew 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' and a suspicion of 'The Picture of Dorian Grey.' If, as we say, the reader's grandfather had a stomach to stand 'The Monk,' his father endured Bill Sykes, and he himself has felt the truth of Stevenson's study in psychology and seen the force of Oscar Wilde's picture of moral destruction, he will like this purely objective tale of crime, which is not so sensational as the first, so masterly as the second, so typical as the third nor so disagreeable as the last of the studies above named. ($1. Henry Holt & Co.)

Minor Notices

SO LONG AS the name of Philip Sidney remains the synomym for courtliness in manner, and gallantry in action, so long will there be a demand for adequately written biographies of the gentle knight. In many respects, Mr. Fox Bourne's volume, written for the Heroes of the Nations Series, will supply with entire satisfaction the normal demand. The author has dwelt especially on one phase of Sidney's character—the chivralric element which makes him a type of knighthood of the Elizabethan days. But the literary side of Sidney's nature is not overlooked, and the critical remarks on 'Astrophel and Stella' are lucid and sensible. To be sure no one

who reads Sidney's poems is in danger of mistaking his conceits for true poetry; but at the same time it is well for the author to point out to the large class who have not read the poems, that the general estimation of them is erroneous, in so far as it does not regard Sidney's work as practically imitative. After all is said, Sidney's mission in life was distinctly not poetical, not literary: he was a man of action. ($1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)——THE 'LETTERS of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins' is a pleasant book to read through. The notes (there are only a few real letters) are chatty and entertaining, and Dickens's geniality to the younger man is charming. The spirit of the book is hearty, the familiarity unaffected. But apart from this off-hand attractiveness, one will find little of the true letter-writing gift. There is nothing of the suggestiveness of word and phrase to give the flavor that so many of Thackeray's notes have. One values mainly the insight obtainable into Dickens's character, and the glimpse seems propitious. A page or two of comment on Reade's 'Griffith Gaunt' show a happy combination of critical and moral instinct. The editing by Laurence Hutton is unobstrusive and excellent. It is a pity he could not have rounded out the volume by giving Collins's share of the correspondence; but Dickens was in the habit of burning the letters that came to him and none of Collins's escaped. ($1. Harper & Bros.)

BOTH THE STRENGTH and the weakness of Richard Jefferies are fully shown in 'Red Deer,' a delightful little book that came out in 1884, and has just now appeared in its second edition. The weak side of it springs from Jefferies's lack of humor. He can gravely descend from a pitch of sustained imagination that is poetry in the essence, and plunge headlong into the details of natural history, filling pages with minute descriptions of deer horns, or long accounts of what the deer like best for food. All this is interesting enough, if one is in search of such information, but ten thousand other men could beat Jefferies out of the field if this were all he had to give us. The part of the book which no one but Jefferies could have written is its description of nature, and here one must watch oneself not to fall into a rhapsody. Seldom, if ever, has nature had such a treatment in English prose outside of the writings of this remarkable man. The account of his solitary walk across Exmoor in a glare of sunshine, but with the thunder booming far down the wind, has preserved the whole life of those few hours, and impresses it upon us with an undying freshness which reminds one of the terrible intensity of 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.' ($1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

IF IT IS TRUE that the age is sensational in all respects, one need not be surprised when Mr. John Vance Cheney gives to his volume of 'essays on poetry and the poets' the melodramatic title of 'The Golden Guess.' Nor is one quite sure what the title really means. In the text of his book, Mr. Cheney speaks with an assurance which has no suggestion of guess work, and evil-minded people might go so far as to whisper that brazen would fit into the title quite as well as golden. Nevertheless, Mr. Cheney's book is timely and notable, with a far better claim to our attention than have many books whose titles are less sensational. For whether Mr. Cheney is right or wrong in his conclusions, he manages to make out a strong case for them, and most people who are not Whitmanites will incline to agree with him. His object is to defend what he considers 'the old notion of poetry' and stave off as far as possible 'a revolt of the mob against our literary masters.' He insists upon the importance of form in poetry, and follows Matthew Arnold in dwelling upon 'the immutable laws of poetic truth and beauty'; he looks askance at every one who neglects the first or denies the permanence of the second. In his treatment of particular poets, Mr. Cheney is generally fair and acute. Matthew Arnold, Browning and Swinburne are handled in this way, but the paper on Tennyson is more of a eulogy than a criticism, while that on Hawthorne, who is classified as a poet, is a little too lavish in its praises, and a great deal too savage upon Mr. James's Life of Hawthorne. ($1.50. Lee & Shepard.)

THAT DELIGHTFUL Scotchman who discovered Rab and his friends seems to have fascinated every one who knew him, and Dr. Holmes tells us that his life was 'so angelically sweet,—the nature which won the love of the English and American reading world showed itself so beautifully in his daily life—that no protrait-painter who pictures life in words could ask a more captivating subject.' If this is not overdrawn, the writer of 'Dr. John Brown and his Sister Isabella: Outlines' is as fortunate as one could wish in the choice of subject. And on first opening the book, one thinks that Dr. Holmes is going to find a portrait after his own heart. This, we say, is a delightful little memoir. But after ten pages one begins to grow uneasy; ten more and the book is a disappointment. We see that it is not a portrait after all, but a mere accumulation of details, a rambling succession of anecdotes. We are indeed told in the preface that the book 'has been read in manuscript by many of the intimate friends of Dr. John Brown and his Sister Isabella; all have recognized the faithfulness of the portraits.' But these intimate friends could group this mass of details by the light of their own knowledge, while the rest of the world can not. From the latter point of view the book is pleasant reading but hardly a portrait. The author is E. T. McLaren. ($1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

BROTHER AZARIAS is always welcome, for he is a trained scholar and thinker whose work bears no marks of haste. In his 'Phases of Thought and Criticism,' he binds into one sheaf grain that was reaped some time ago, with other stalks fresh from the sickle. He discusses the fourfold activity of the soul, thinking, the principle of thought, and the ideal in thought. On these abstract subjects, his seeing is so clear and his taste so refined, while his acquaintance with the world of books is so cosmopolitan, that his discourse is eminently readable. Delightful are the antitheses he makes between Emerson and Newman, and literary and scientific habits of thought. Besides talking luminously of the culture of the spiritual sense, he finds this for us in the 'Imitation of Christ,' in 'The Divine Comedy' and in 'In Memoriam.' Brother Azarias is catholic in everything but religion: in this domain, he would have us find centre in the particular fraction of the Holy Catholic Church centering in the Pope. Apart from this rather sectarian flavor, the volume contains many choice thoughts and suggestive passages set in English crystal clear. ($1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

WE ARE GIVEN to taking risks; and, by doing so, we have considerably reduced the massiveness formerly thought needful in every form of construction. But it is well to know where the limit of safety lies, and the appearance every now and then of a Buddensieck shows that that knowledge is not possessed by all of our builders. As some architects are in the habit of depending on the builder in all such matters, our case may be said to require serious consideration on the part of those who care for the future of American architecture. We can recommend to all such, whether employers or workers, Mr. Louis de Coppet Berg's treatise on 'Safe Building,' which gives in the simplest possible form, along with good accounts of the materials ordinarily used in building, careful estimates of their strength under different conditions, easy modes of computing resistance to various strains, methods of designing forms to meet special requirements and very numerous tables calculated especially for the book or revised from former publications. Vol. II., which is just issued, deals with iron and steel construction. The opening chapters give details of the manufacture of cast and wrought iron and of Bessemer steel. The author, we may say, prefers wrought iron wherever it may be possible to use it, to either of the other forms. He describes the various tests to which the manufactured products should be submitted; and goes on to the question of strains and designing. A chapter is devoted to rivets and pins; and one to plate and box girders, of which he prefers the former; a great variety of trusses are next considered; the chapter on columns is headed by a cut showing graphically the danger of rough ends; and there follow the tables and a general index to the two volumes. Vol. I., it is proper to say, deals with stone and wooden constructions. Illustrated with numerous diagrams and outline drawings. ($5. Ticknor & Co.)

'MY LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM' is a curious little book from the French of the Baroness Staffe—a medley of old women's remedies united with an admirable consideration of hygienic laws. It is introduced by Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer to American women —or rather American wives, for the undisguised purpose which the Baroness had in writing the book was to teach wives how to retain the errant affections of their husbands. Mrs. Ayer's share in the book is confined to supplying a very graceful picture of herself as frontispiece, writing a preface in which she assures women that in following the directions given they have a resource against 'the terrible middle age which we formerly so dreaded,' making notes at the bottom of the page wherever she disapproves of any of the French lady's lotions, and defending the Americans from some very unjust and mortifying remarks. This last service is really very considerable when we read that 'in New York some millionaires change their noses into either Greek, Roman, or Hebrew, as they prefer, by means of an instrument which they wear at night,' and that American ladies 'wear garters of one yellow and one black to bring good luck.' The book contains many sage and salutary remarks, and anything that directs attention to hygienic care of the body serves a purpose; but its attractiveness

is marred by its absurdities. Here is a cure for warts. 'Warts and wens are sometimes cured by rubbing them two or three times daily with an Irish potato. Cut off one end of the potato and rub the tumor with the pared surface. After each operation remove a slice of the potato.' We think the success of the remedy would be better assured if instead of removing a slice of the potato, the destruction of which at that rate would be something enormous, one removed a slice of the wart. But if this remedy is to be used, any well-instructed child can tell you that the labor has been wasted unless a wish is made and the potato is buried at sunset under the shadow cast by a pine-tree. Portions of the book, especially those about the appointments of the bath, are very good reading, from the dainty picture they present, in which cleanliness is made to appear the better part of godliness. ($1.50. Cassell Publishing Co.)

THERE ARE TWO things which Mr. Andrew Lang can generally be trusted to do: one is to be exceedingly clever, the other is to talk about himself. In 'Angling Sketches' he does both. The book is the history of an angler who is not a brilliant success, but makes up for his deficiencies in that direction by a profusion of good stories which he is always willing to tell. His adventures carry us into many corners of Britain, and in each of them he spins his entertaining yarn. Nature, he does not trouble himself very much about. To be sure he treats of her more or less, but it is in a knowing, external way, 'too clever by half.' Of the real life of nature he gives us nothing at all; he has no touch of the nature magic which lifts the prose of Richard Jefferies to a place beside poetry. The old idea of holding a mirror up to nature has become obsolete to Mr. Lang, and the new one of systematic study of the life of nature does not appear in 'Angling Sketches.' Nature to him forms a picturesque background for his delightful anecdotes. In fact, his book is nothing but a collection of pleasant stories which are told by a clever man of the town. Its chief passport to popularity is the fact that the name of Andrew Lang appears upon the title-page. ($2.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

AN ANONYMOUS WORK on 'The Irish Peasant' may have an interest for some of our readers. The author is an Englishman who, having inherited an estate in Ireland, went to live for a while among his tenants, in order to learn their actual condition. He afterwards travelled considerably in other parts of the island, and in this volume he gives the results of his several years' study and observation of Irish life. He treats successively of the various races that have combined to form the Irish people of to-day, of the different systems of land tenure prevailing in Ireland, of the Irish laborers, Irish education and other topics belonging to the general subject; and deals with them all in a thoroughly impartial manner. He betrays no leaning towards either side in the present political controversy, and no prejudice for or against the Irish people, but endeavors to set forth the actual state of Irish affairs, and especially the matters that are most in need of amendment. The greatest want of Ireland, in his opinion, is education; but he shows that the people in most parts of the country have no appreciation of the importance of education, and make no adequate use of the schools they now have. Some parts of the book are rather dry reading; but, as a whole, it will be useful to those who wish to study the subject with care.——IN A WORK ON 'The Effects of Machinery on Wages' Mr. J. Shield Nicholson undertakes to prove that 'for fifty years after the introduction of the improved processes of production which marked the commencement of the era, the working classes, instead of benefit, undoubtedly received injury'; and, furthermore, that, 'though ma y advances towards stability have been made, the severe fluctuations in trade, the strikes and lock-outs, the recognized defects in the sanitary conditions of work, all point to inadequate adjustment even in the present.' Such a doctrine is hardly worthy of serious attention, and the author's reasoning is not of a kind to carry conviction to rational minds; but his book may possibly have some interest to special students of economic subjects. ($1 each. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

AN ACCURATE and compact history of 'Witchcraft in Salem Village in 1692' has been a desideratum. The want is excellently supplied in a neatly printed and liberally illustrated volume by Winfield S. Nevins. The author is well-known as a minute and painstaking as well as pleasing writer on life and events in the early colonial days of the old Bay State. He describes Salem prior to the outbreak of the imported superstition, and then details, in a dozen chapters of horrors, the story of the prosecution and execution of the victims. The chapter reviewing the whole is a masterly summing-up, in which the author avoids dogmatism, and points the lesson for us that we should do nothing in politics or religion to make our descendants blush for us. We should have been glad if the author had given us a bibliography of the superstition in New England; but, within its own limits, the volume is a first-rate handbook of the subject. Those whose summer outings take them through Witch-land will, as the reviewer has personally proved, find this little book extremely helpful. Especially valuable are the numerous illustrations. ($1.25. Lee & Shepard.)

Magazine Notes

IN *Lippincott's* for July, Max de Lipman tells 'The Newspaper Illustrator's Story'—with some humorous illustrations. 'Peary's North Greenland Expedition and the Relief' are written of by W. E. Hughes and Benjamin Sharp, with a portrait of Mrs. Peary in a Greenlander's fur suit and one of Godhavn with its four or five shanties and millions of rocks. Molly Elliot Seawell's 'Unc' Ananias' might more fairly be nicknamed a black Munchausen, for his lies, though enormous, are innocent, and, in one case even beneficent. 'Canoe Life,' by W. P. Stevens, is the paper of the month in the Athletic Series'; Gertrude Atherton notices how much certain writers of fiction are indebted to their 'local color'; and Agnes Repplier, with Murray's 'Memoirs' as text, enlarges on the 'Trials of a Publisher.'——The July *Review of Reviews* contains a very full character sketch, by Gen. Thomas J. Morgan, of President Harrison, with a portrait showing the subject at his desk on the 15th of June—four days after the Minneapolis Convention. The work and proceedings of the Convention itself are reviewed and discussed, and portraits are presented of the most conspicuous figures in that assembly—Gov. McKinley, Chauncey M. Depew, Senator Wolcott, General John C. New, Ex-Senator Ingalls, Ex-Speaker Reed and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster. There is also a portrait of the Republican nominee for Vice-President. In the Progress of the World are discussed the political and social movements most prominent in other countries, particularly Great Britain. The reader will find in the Record of Current Events a summary of the world's happenings during the month. Mr. W. C. Edgar, who has had in charge the distribution of the Russian relief cargo of the steamer Missouri, contributes an interesting paper on 'Russia's Conflict with Hunger.' The article contains portraits of Count Vorontsoff Daskoff, Executive Head of the Tsarewitch's Relief Committee, and of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, at the head of the relief committee in Moscow, and scenes from the famine district.

Thomas Hardy as a realist is equalled to Zola and placed far above Howells and Henry James by William Sharp in the July *Forum*. 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' 'The Return of the Native' and 'The Woodlanders' are Mr. Sharp's favorites among their author's novels. Mr. Hardy is the most English of all English writers since Shakespeare, Mr. Sharp says, meaning as regards his characters and his way of looking at things; for we find elsewhere in the article that he is the most Latinical of English writers since Milton. 'The Waste of Women's Intellectual Force' in special studies for which they are not especially fit, is pointed out by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, who argues in favor of a broad, liberal education for women. Mr. George W. Cable undertakes to show that the Southern Negro pays fully for such education as his children get, in the form of poll-tax and other taxes. Col. Theodore A. Dodge, after a 'Glance at the European Armies,' comes to the reassuring conclusion that there will not be any European war for a year or two. Mr. William C. Edgar finds in the Russian communal system the cause of the present famine in Russia.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The First Number of 'Baconiana.'—The new magazine, *Baconiana*, to the announcement of which by Messrs. F. J. Schulte & Co. of Chicago we referred some weeks ago, is to be a quarterly, and the subscription price is a dollar a year. The first number contains nothing that is novel on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Mrs. Pott contributes the leading article, on 'Francis Bacon's Style', with special reference to his *vocabulary* as compared with the 'alleged' Shakespeare. It appears that they use mainly the same words, and even the same phrases, particularly such as 'I conclude,' 'it follows that,' 'it matters not,' 'a kind of' ('to be found hundreds of times in Bacon and Shakespeare') 'all in all,' 'as it were,' 'as for,' 'as if,' 'in truth,' etc. What is quite as remarkable, they both use the same *antithetical* words. 'The majority of these *antitheta* are combined with metaphors, and they will start up under your eyes at almost every turn of the page: good, evil; rich, poor; dark, light; fair, foul; disease, remedy; substance, shadow, etc.' Of course these exceptional pairs of words are seldom if ever used by other writers of the time. 'Sunshine

Everywhere' is the title of a paper by Mr. R. M. Theobald, who has discovered that Bacon and Shakespeare are much given to figurative expressions suggested by sunshine. Both compare knowledge to sunshine, both allude to 'the universality of sunshine', etc. *Ergo*, Bacon wrote Shakespeare; and it would be easy to prove, by the same course of reasoning, that he wrote King James's Bible. The longest article is 'A Brief Biography of Shakespeare,' by Mr. W. H. Burr, author of 'Proof that Shakespeare Could Not Write. 'The Sugared Sonnets' is an attempt to prove that Bacon wrote those ascribed to Shakespeare. The magazine is illustrated with portraits of Sir Nicolas Bacon and Lady Anne Bacon. An American Bacon Society is reported to be on the point of organization, and, 'at the suggestion of Mr. Donnelly, the headquarters will be located in Chicago.'

Announcements.—Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the well-known bookseller of 15 Piccadilly, London, announces a new subscription edition of the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' in imperial quarto, with seventy illustrations by Mr. J. Moyr Smith, including fifteen full-page etchings. The text will be that of the folio of 1623, and will be printed in sepia on fine paper. The introduction, besides other matter, will contain descriptions of the most famous methods adopted for setting the play on the stage. The edition is limited to 350 numbered copies, in three styles, ranging in price from two and a half guineas to ten guineas. Descriptive circulars may be obtained from the publisher.

The Shakespeare Society of New York, after completing the Bankside edition, propose to issue a Concordance referring to the line-numbers of that edition as well as those of the Globe and Cambridge editions; together with a complete Index of the Bankside Introductions. It will be issued in the same style as the Bankside, and the price, delivered by mail, will be $2.63. The address of the Publication Committee is P. O. Box 323, Westfield, Union County, N. J.

Shakespeare's 'Potato' Again.—Rev. H. N. Ellacombe, author of the best book we have on Shakespeare's plants, sends the following note to *The Academy* of June 4th:—

Mr. Evans decides (*Academy*, May 21) that the Potato of Shakspere was not our potato (*Solanum tuberosum*), but the sweet potato (*Convolvulus batatas*). When I was looking up the history of the Potato for 'The Plant-Lore of Shakspere,' I was inclined to think the same; but I came to the conclusion that if any special potato was in Shakspere's mind it was the *S. tuberosum*. The sweet potato was in England some years before our edible potato, though it was an article of luxury only used for special purposes. But our edible potato not only took the name of the older importation, but gave a popularity to the name which it had not before. So 'Potato' became the proverbial expression for more than our vegetable with the reported restorative powers; and the proverb would not have come into existence but for the more common potato introduced in 1585. There is, I believe, no mention of the Potato in English literature before Shakspere's time and the introduction of *S. tuberosum*; after that it became a common proverbial expression.

In other words, I think Shakspere's Potato may be either *C. batatas* or *S. tuberosum*; but he would not have used the word at all but for the increasing popularity of *S. tuberosum*.

'*Young Scamels from the Rock*.'—Dr. Furnivall writes me that it is at last found out what *scamels* are. A correspondent of the London *Daily News* for June 11th states that 'young bar-tailed godwits are, in autumn, called *scamels* on the north coast of Norfolk.' If they have gone by that name ever since the days of Shakespeare, it is curious that the fact did not get into print sooner. Let us hope, however, that these be the very *scamels* of Prospero's island, and that one more Shakespearian *crux* is happily disposed of.

'*If trembling I inhabit then*,' *etc.* ('*Macbeth*,' *iii.* 4. 105).—A correspondent who signs himself 'M. C.' sends me a note of some length in support of the emendation, 'If trembling I inhibit then'—Steevens's modification of Pope's 'If trembling I inhibit, thee,' etc. I must, however, adhere to the opinion I have expressed that the original text, though not improbably corrupt, is preferable to this or any other correction that has been proposed. It is true that Shakespeare uses 'inhibited' twice (of sins in 'All's Well,' i. 1. 157, and of arts in 'Othello,' i. 2. 79) in the sense of prohibited or forbidden, and 'inhibition' for 'prohibition' in 'Hamlet,' ii. 2. 146; but 'prohibited' is not the meaning wanted here. Imagine the dialogue between Banquo 'alive again' and Macbeth thus:—

Banquo.—I dare thee to the desert. Follow me!
Macbeth (*trembling*).—Nay, I inhibit thee.
Banquo.— Inhibit me.
From what, thou blasted fool? From daring thee?
I've done it. If thou mean'st thou will not fight me,
Say so in decent English!

'M. C.' refers to no explanation of 'inhabit' in this passage except Horne Tooke's 'skulk within my house,' which is perhaps the worst that has been suggested; though Dr. Moberly adopts it, with the paraphrase, 'keep house, shrink under shelter.' Henley and Staunton put it thus:—'If I, through fear, remain trembling in my castle.' Milton ('Paradise Lost,' vii. 163) has 'Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven'—that is, 'dwell at large' (Cicero's 'habitare laxe'). But if 'inhabit' is Shakespeare's word, 'trembling' is unquestionably the object of it, and Grant White's explanation and illustration of the passage may be accepted:—'If I then am encompassed by trembling, and so, if I inhabit trembling—a use of *inhabit* highly figurative and exceedingly rare, but which is neither illogical nor without example.' He cites 'Psalms,' xxii. 3:—'O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.' If that had been Shakespeare's, and so printed in the folio, we may be sure it would have been the subject of multintudinous 'emendations.'

It is but fair to state that *inhabit* was no uncommon misprint for *inhibit*; as in Stowe's 'Survey of London,' 1618 (quoted by Reed):—'the said stew-houses were for a season inhabited, and the doors closed up.' In the passage in 'All's Well' mentioned above, where the first folio has 'inhibited,' all the later folios corrupt it into 'inhabited.' But in the 'Macbeth' passage, 'inhibit,' as I have said, would be more difficult to explain than 'inhabit.' There may be a misprint, but that is not the correction of it.

Boston Letter

IT HAS BEEN recently published that Mr. Whittier would write the opening ode for the World's Fair at Chicago, the item stating that the poet, although unable to give a definite answer when the matter was first broached, was now, on account of improved health, ready to undertake the task. I find that the story originated at Newburyport, where Mr. Whittier is still staying, but unfortunately it is not true. I inquired of Mr. Whittier and he writes me as follows:—'The statement in the newspaper clipping is entirely untrue. My state of health does not admit of any engagement of a literary kind.' [The writing of the Ode was long ago entrusted to Miss Harriet Monroe of Chicago.—EDS. CRITIC.]

The red-coated Lancers escorted the Governor to Cambridge as usual on Harvard Commencement Day, and the long line of *alumni* made their march around the quadrangle to Memorial Hall, where for two hours or more wise men spoke with brilliancy and vigor. Over the gathering at the dinner the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, ex-Collector of the Port of Boston, presided; and his presence marked an interesting fact. This Commencement was the 250th since the graduation of the first class at Harvard, and in that class of nine students was Henry Saltonstall, son of Sir Richard Saltonstall, and brother of Leverett Saltonstall's direct ancestor. Since that day of 1642, the seven generations of the Saltonstall family have graduated at Harvard in turn, making a record of which neither Harvard nor any other college can produce an equal. The dignified Chairman paid in his speech a tribute to two famous men-of-letters. 'Our venerable poet,' said he, alluding to Dr. Holmes, 'our venerable poet who has so often sung to us in melodious measures, who had charmed that great audience at the 200th anniversary of the founding of the College, and then, fifty years later, touched our hearts with his beautiful poem—he is not here to-day, but we know that his heart is with us, and our hearts go out to him. And also that other noble son of Harvard, who always sheds lustre upon the land that gave him birth and the University which educated him, a scholar, a poet, a teacher, an orator, a diplomat, a true, warm-hearted man, beloved by all who knew him, whose glowing words upon that occasion, that bright November morning, will never cease to charm us—James Russell Lowell—has been taken from us, and we know not how to bear so grievous a loss.' Then President Eliot arose, receiving his usual enthusiastic cheers from the old graduates before him. He called attention to the fact that to-day graduates of Harvard hold the Governorship of Massachusetts and the Mayoralty of Cambridge, and asked if there was any other American university which could meet under equally favorable auspices. He alluded to the local patriotism which had inspired three Harvard professors and five younger instructors to refuse high positions with greater salaries in other colleges. And he added that five new professors came to Harvard from five other universities, one European, one Canadian, and three American, of whom three accepted lower salaries than they were receiving before. The dignity, the age and stability of Harvard and the perfect freedom of opinion prevailing there, together with the great respect paid Harvard teachers and the important collection of books accessible in the Library, were held by President Eliot to be chief reasons for this

magnetic power at the Cambridge University. Among the other speakers was Dr. George Bryce, one of the founders of Manitoba University and the author of a number of historical books relating to Canada; in his speech he paid a glowing tribute to Lowell and to Longfellow, saying that he had recently visited their graves and that he must congratulate Harvard upon these two notable sons.

Eight gentlemen are the richer in title by honorary degrees since the Harvard Commencement, and but for the unfortunate indisposition of Col. Henry Lee, the well-known member of the banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., the number would have been nine. It is a peculiar rule of the Harvard Overseers that no man shall receive an honorary degree unless he is present at the Commencement exercises; so Col. Lee's name was stricken from the list at the last moment, when it was found that bronchitis kept him at home. He has been so identified with Harvard Commencements and has always been so loyal to the College that this is to be the more regretted. As it was, the degree of LL.D. fell to Judge Charles Allen of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts; Richard M. Hunt, the architect of the Yorktown Monument, the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty, the Vanderbilt home and mausoleum, and also of the World's Fair buildings at Chicago; and to Eben C. Sprague, a prominent Buffalo lawyer. The good old pastor of the little Unitarian Church at Cohasset was surprised with the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Perhaps there was a bit of sentiment in this award, for the present year marks the fiftieth since the Rev. Joseph Osgood received his degree at the Harvard Divinity School, and also the fiftieth year since he had settled as pastor over that quiet little church to which his entire life has been devoted. Every graduate knows the valuable services of Thomas J. Kiernan at Harvard. For two-score years or more he has been connected with the College Library, and every book within its walls is at least an acquaintance of his, and in many cases may be spoken of as a personal friend. He received the degree of Master of Arts, and the same degree was conferred upon Silvester R. Koehler, the curator of prints and engravings at the Boston Art Museum; Edward S. Morse, the inventor, collector of Japanese curios and scientist; and upon Michael Anagnos, son-in-law of the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe and the present Superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which Dr. Howe founded.

Col. Lee missed one honor, and, it is barely possible, may lose another. He was elected to the Board of Overseers; but a clause in the law relating to the College declares that 'No person shall be re-eligible for more than one term immediately succeeding that for which he shall have been first elected.' Now, if that word 'first' applies simply to the original initial election, then, after an Overseer has served for two terms, and passed through one interval of absence from the Board, he would be eligible for continuous re-election after that. The lawyers hold that this is the strict interpretation of the clause, but others maintain that the spirit of the law meant that there should always be an interval between periods of two terms' service. If the objectors are right, then Col. Lee, having finished his second period of two terms, would have to remain away from the Board a year before he could be re-elected. The Western men succeeded in having their candidate made an Overseer, the Hon. George E. Adams of Chicago being chosen; and now, for the first time in the history of the College, the *alumni* west of the Alleghanies are represented in the government. The new President of the Alumni Association is also a Western man, ex-Congressman Horace Davis of San Francisco. Col. T. W. Higginson resigned from the Presidency of the Phi Beta Kappa, and in his place Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of the Greek department of Harvard, was chosen. Dr. William J. Tucker of Andover was the Phi Beta Kappa orator. It will be remembered that Dr. Tucker, who was the pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York before going to Andover, was one of the five Seminary preachers arraigned for having too liberal ideas. Dartmouth College wanted him for President, but he declined that honor. His Phi Beta Kappa oration was a scholarly discussion upon the new movement in humanity from liberty to unity. Prof. E. F. Fenollosa was the poet of the occasion, and his work, entitled 'East and West,' was designed to illustrate the mutual relations of the civilizations of the East and West.

Sufficient money has been pledged to guarantee the establishment of the new Harvard graduates' magazine. Last week a meeting of the *alumni* was held in Boston, and William Roscoe Thayer of the class of 1881 was elected editor of the magazine for one year, with Frank Bolles of the class of 1882, now Secretary of Harvard College, as editor of the university department. These appointments were made by the Council, which includes the President of the Publication-Association, Col. Henry Lee; the Vice-Presidents, Bishop Brooks, Charles F. Adams, C. J. Bonaparte and Warren K. Blodgett, Jr.; besides Gov. Russell, Evert J. Wendell, Secretary of the New York Harvard Club; George E. Adams, the newly elected Overseer from Chicago; and several other prominent graduates. Col. Lee, Charles F. Adams, Major Henry L. Higginson, Augustus Hemmenway, William F. Weld and Nathaniel N. Thayer are among the 'founders' who subscribe $300 to the permanent fund.

It is reported that Mrs. M. French-Sheldon will not abandon her work on her book of travels because of the death of her husband, as it was his wish that she should not leave Boston until the work was completed. . . . Mr. Kenyon Cox, the well-known artist of New York, was married last Thursday at Belmont, a suburb of Boston, to Miss Louise H. King of New York, daughter of Mrs. Anna T. King and niece of Mrs. B. Jones, at whose summer residence the ceremony took place. Mr. and Mrs. Cox will reside in New York.

BOSTON, July 5, 1892. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

H. S. OF DORCHESTER, MASS., sends me this note:—'Some one signing herself Helen Walters Avery sends to the New York *Home Journal* of June 22 what purports to be a translation of a certain "Serenade de Provence," by Victor Hugo. The first stanza runs:—

Still closed thy door! the warm east glows,
And morning airs blow soft and free,
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?
Ah! sleep no more, but listen now,
I wake and weep, but where art thou?

Now, in Toru Dutt's "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" (Bhowanipore, Saptahik Sambad Press, 1878) is a version of the same poem, by Aru, sister of Toru Dutt. Here are the opening lines:—

Still barred thy doors!—the far east glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free,
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?
No longer sleep,
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?

Are not the "coincidences" of rhyme and phraseology rather too close to be unconscious? Similar parallels my be drawn between the remaining two stanzas. Thus, Aru Dutt wrote:—

All look for thee, love, light, and song;
Light, in the sky deep red above,
Song, in the lark of pinion strong,
And in my heart, true love.
* * * * *
Apart we miss our nature's goal,
Why strive to cheat our destinies?
Was not my love made for thy soul?
Thy beauty for mine eyes?

And Helen Walters Avery interprets as follows:—

These wait for thee—love, light and song,
Light all around, the red above;
The lark's clear notes, on pinions strong,
And all my heart's deep love.
* * * * *
We miss our nature's aim apart,
Why should we cheat our destinies?
Was not thy love made for my heart,
Thy beauty for my eyes?

In the last stanza Mrs. or Miss Avery displays some deviation from the other translation; but it cannot be said that her innovations are improvements.'

I PRINT THESE parallel passages for their interest, and because the coincidence is a striking one. But I do not think a charge of plagiarism need be brought against the American translator, because of the similarity of her version to that of the East Indian.

THE BOARD of Lady Managers of the World's Fair having asked Mr. Daly to allow his company to play 'As You Like It' for the benefit of the proposed Children's Home in Jackson Park, an open-air performance of the comedy was given at Fair Lawn, Senator Farwell's summer home near Chicago, on Thursday afternoon of last week. As the services of the company were volunteered, and some 800 persons 'assisted' at the entertainment, the price of seats being $5 each, a very pretty penny was raised for an excellent cause. Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Taylor, who had charge of the preparations, had announced that there would be no per-

formance if the weather should be unpropitious, and that no money would be returned to the purchasers of tickets. Happily, however, the rain that had been pouring steadily down for three days, to purify the city of all taint of politics, stopped on Wednesday night, and left a lawn of velvet texture for Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew and Mr. Lewis to disport upon, instead of the wonted wooden flooring of Arden Forest. Luncheon was served in tents; and to the intense satisfaction of every one present, Mr. Daly was presented with a silver loving-cup. The newspapers the next day devoted five or six columns each to a detailed account of the affair, brightened with figure-pieces and landscapes by their special artists. On the whole, it was a great day for Chicago, Shakespeare and the Daly Company.

IF OSCAR WILDE had only gone into the patent-medicine business instead of literature, what a success he would have made of it! Wilde's pills would have proved much more profitable than Wilde's plays, for there is no business in which advertising counts for so much as the manufacture of nostrums. Advertising seems to follow upon the heels of everything Mr. Wilde does, from the wearing of a green pink to the non-production of a play. One would naturally think there was little or no fame to be had from a suppressed play, but that is just where one would make a mistake. Oscar Wilde's 'Salome' would probably never have occasioned half the talk it has, if it had been played—even though Sarah Bernhardt had been its chief interpreter. The Lord Chamberlain thinks the Bible should not be used for dramatic purposes, and Mr. Wilde's play therefore may not be produced. Sarah Bernhardt is indignant in her impassioned French manner; Oscar is indignant in his æsthetic mode; and the whole of London town is in arms on one side or the other; the upshot of the whole business being that the apostle of æstheticism threatens to turn his back upon the benighted British capital, and cast his lot with the more clear-visioned and liberal citizens of the French Republic. So the Lord Chamberlain has killed two birds with one stone: he has suppressed what Mr. Smalley tells us has been called a 'Biblical burlesque,' and he has (perhaps) rid England of Oscar Wilde.

THIS IS NOT THE first time that an author crushed to earth by the Lord Chamberlain has risen again in France. There is Mr. George Moore, the author of 'The Mummer's Wife,' the most of whose novels are published in France, those of his countrymen who wish to read him having to do so in a foreign tongue. But somehow or other Mr. Moore does not seem to get as much advertising out of his experiences as Mr. Wilde manages to, although he too 'goes in for' long hair and other eccentricities of appearance.

EVERYONE WHO HAS ever been to the opera, either at the Metropolitan Opera House or the old Academy of Music, knew the late Joseph Siegrist by sight at least. Siegrist was a ticket speculator, and had followed that calling ever since the days when Jenny Lind sang a fortune into her own and the late P. T. Barnum's pockets. The old man told me once that he made the most money when Piccolomini was in this country. He used to carry his earning (all in gold pieces) home in his hat, and hide them under the floor of his bedroom. I think, however, that the old man's mind was somewhat affected, for his reminiscences were a good deal like fairy-tales. He was an interesting old fellow, in a way, and was certainly a picturesque figure in his long-tailed frock-coat, with its brass buttons, and the big flower in his buttonhole, which he prided himself upon always wearing.

THE *Evening Transcript's* 'Listener' recently came from Boston to New York—apparently by way of Europe, for the first impressions he notes are identical with those of 'an immigrant just landing from abroad.' He was disappointed in the Statue of Liberty (like the immigrant who exclaimed, 'If that is liberty, give me death!'), but the Brooklyn Bridge ('the monument of the real national divinity—the Goddess Get-There') really 'inspired' him. On the other hand, the big buildings down town seemed to him to dwarf the city. The Madison Square Tower impressed him more profoundly than anything else, and next to that the double-decked busses in Fifth Avenue at night. However, he admits that New York is 'a great city, which has a character of its own.' Mr. Kipling's mistake, he declares, was to expect too much of it. The Listener didn't—and so he wasn't disappointed. His criticism of the great big overgrown town isn't altogether relished by the regular correspondent of the *Evening Transcript*, who shows the other side of the shield in an interview with 'Cynicus'—a New Yorker who holds Boston to be 'a good place to be born in—and to leave after graduation from the neighboring university.' When a man calls himself 'Cynicus,' you know he isn't nearly as cynical as he pretends to wish to have you think him; and H. T. P.'s 'reply to Listener' is more genial than the latter's comments on the subject of a great city for whose greatness her citizens take no thought.

'HOW CAN ANYONE who has still a little of the child's heart left in her rest patient under the reference to Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" in your London Letter of June 4?' writes D. L. of Los Angeles, Cal. 'I wonder if Mrs. Walford has ever tried to find out what the children themselves think of this book—not precocious children, nor yet stupid ones, but the real sort—the best, and likely the truest, critics of child-poetry. I know many who, all unguided, know and love every one of the poems in the book, and who sing them and say them with constant delight.'

THIS IS THE second letter I have received in which wonder is expressed at Mrs. Walford's disparaging allusion to Mr. Stevenson's poems of child life. For my own part, I wonder as much as either of my correspondents how any one who has ever been a child, or has had anything to do with children, can be insensible to the rare charm of that unique collection of verses. To me it goes much farther toward proving the author a poet than the volumes embracing his maturer communings with the muse. But individual preferences are harder to account for in the matter of poetry than in any other department of taste.

"The Tract 'de Tribus'" yet Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

A belated reading of the last numbers of *The Critic* suggests a tardy contribution to the question of 'the tract "De Tribus."' The most noted person to whom was attributed the authorship of this much talked-of, but possibly never written, book was Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen, the grandson of Barbarossa, and Emperor. Through his mother he inherited the realm of Sicily and lower Italy, where Greeks, Jews and Arabians were all welcomed at his learned and tolerant court. Engaged in constant disputes with the Popes, a patron of scientific men of all religions, suffering through all his life from unjust excommunications, he paid the penalty of a breadth of view in advance of his age, and of a keen wit not always heedful in expression, by being set down as a man of no religion one day and as a Mohammedan on another. It is not strange that he should have been held responsible for a work which was asserted to attack all religions. A thing so much talked of and so well-known to ecclesiastics would readily furnish a comparison for Caponsacchi's use, and would be quickly comprehended by those who heard him.

ANNIE RUSSELL WALL.

NEW BEDFORD, June 29, 1892.

Varnhagen Von Ense and Carlyle

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

At the close of the volume just issued by D. Appleton & Co., 'The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle,' there are two or three pages of interesting anecdotes in German, now first printed from the manuscripts of Varnhagen in the Royal Library at Berlin. Varnhagen gives us very amusingly and clearly to see that Tieck was struck all of a heap with the strange Scotch prodigy. Our little pink of propriety, Herr Tieck, told Varnhagen that Carlyle 'presented a tired and jaded appearance ('sein Aussehen war kläglich') in spite of his red cheeks; he was extremely careless in his dress, and boorish in manners.' When Coleridge's name was introduced by Tieck, Carlyle burst forth into immoderate laughter. His visitor very frigidly asked what he was laughing about. C. replied that after all there was much good to be said of Coleridge, but did not say what he laughed at him for. Tieck was puzzled. Varnhagen then goes on, with his present subjunctive, to tell what he had heard from Tieck of C.'s jeremiads (familiar enough to us now) about the lack of curtained beds and quiet sleeping chambers, etc., in Germany—to all of which Tieck only shrugged his shoulders.

Varnhagen also gives a new version of that capital story (familiar to readers of Lewes's 'Goethe') of Carlyle at the dinner in Berlin, where certain canting windbags were lamenting that Goethe had not 'devoted his gifts to the Lord.' 'Carlyle war schon unruhig geworden und hatte schon allerlei böse Gesichter gemacht. Endlich legte er beide Arme stark auf den Tisch, und, vorwärts gebeugt, begann er in seiner schwerfälligen langsamen Weise und in seinem ungeschickten Deutsch mit lauter Stimme: 'Meine—Herren! Weiss—denn—keiner von Ihnen—die alte—Geschichte,—dass Jemand die Sonne gelästert hat,—weil er seine Cigarre—nicht

—an ihr hat anzünden—können?' ('Carlyle had already grown restless and been making all kinds of face contortions. Finally he laid both arms prone upon the table and, leaning forward, began in a loud voice, in his slow weighty manner, and in his awkward German:—'Gentlemen,—do none of you,—then,—know the old—story—of the fellow who flung reproaches at the sun—because—he couldn't—light—his cigar at it?') 'A sudden silence,' says Varnhagen, 'fell upon the guests, and they recognized with mortification that they had been mistaken in this Englishman' (in whose honor the dinner had been given, by the way).

To one who has seen Carlyle (as I did in 1871) and noted the extreme neatness of his dress—gloves, large soft slouch hat, canvas shoes, well-brushed coat, etc.—Tieck's phrase 'äuserst vernachlässigt' ('negligent in the extreme') seems strange as applied to his dress, and we must suppose it was the result of his long absence from home. There never was so poor a hand at travel. Dominie Sampson was not more awkward at it. Or perhaps Tieck was finding fault merely with Carlyle's unconventionality in clothes.

BELMONT, MASS. W. S. KENNEDY.

"The Hawthorne Corner"

The Publishers' Circular of London concludes an article on the firm of Henry Young & Sons, booksellers, of Liverpool, with the following bit of Hawthorneana:—

Another and more famous visitor who used to look in upon Mr. Young in the old days was the author of 'The Scarlet Letter.' It will be remembered that for some years Hawthorne was American Consul at Liverpool. He was shy and had not many friends, but Mr. Young was one of the honored few. Not long ago Mr. Young gave an interviewer some reminiscences of the famous writer, part of which we reproduce:—'My first recollection of Mr. Hawthorne,' said Mr. Young, 'is of a dark-haired, retiring, and gentlemanly-looking man, who walked into my shop, and without a word to anybody or from anyone to him, proceeded to investigate the books. In a little while he took from the shelf an uncut copy of "Don Quixote," in two volumes, illustrated by Johannot, asked me the price, paid the money, and requested that the books be sent to "Mr. Hawthorne, at the American Consulate."

'Then he began coming almost daily, after a long time growing somewhat familiar. He would inquire much about books, but usually more for information than for purchase. The late Henry A. Bright, of Liverpool, a wealthy *dilettante*, author of "The English Flower-Garden" and the intimate friend of the late Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), to whom he introduced Hawthorne, was his single warm friend and confidant in England. They frequently called together, and made use of a little nook in the rear of the shop in which to examine and discuss books; and this soon came to be known as the "Hawthorne corner." Mr. Hawthorne gave Bright the complete manuscript of "Transformation" ("Marble Faun"). He had it very richly bound, and it remains in the possession of the Bright family to this day.

'When the family finally left England, Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne, and, I think, Miss Una Hawthorne, called to shake hands and say good-bye. Hawthorne's personal appearance and demeanor very strongly reminded me of Dr. Martineau, and Mrs. Hawthorne's sprightliness was a delightful set-off to her husband's extreme diffidence and quietude.'

Mr. Crawford's Citizenship

MR. MARION CRAWFORD writes to the *Tribune* as follows, from the Villa Crawford, Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, near Naples, Italy:—

It has been repeatedly said of me, and of late the assertion seems to have found credence, that I am not an American *de facto*, and it is even questioned whether I am a citizen of the United States *de jure*. The doubt cast upon my nationality seems to have had its origin in the fact that I have lived abroad many years. To this I might answer that my father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, came to Italy at the age of twenty-two, and lived almost wholly in Rome until he died in London at the age of forty-four. Yet no one seems ever to have taken him for an Italian or an Englishman because the circumstances of his career and the necessities of his art made it almost indispensable for him to live out of his own country.

My position is almost exactly identical with his. I suppose it will be granted by reasonable people that a man who lives by his work should establish himself wherever he can find an abundance of raw material suitable for the exercise of his craft, and, further, that a man may by nature and education be better able to make use of one sort of material than of another. Because my father lived abroad, I was brought up abroad, and foreign subjects are therefore much more familiar to me than American ones. I should be the last to deny the existence, in my own country, of matter for fiction in as large a measure as may be found anywhere else, but to those who know anything about writing I would point out that what is needed for a good novel is not only a story, a plot or a dramatic situation, but a thorough knowledge of the scenery to be employed, and perfect familiarity with the characters, manners and customs of the *dramatis personæ*. Such familiarity and knowledge are only to be acquired by careful study extending over many years, and in my case necessarily involving a cessation of activity in the direction circumstances have chosen for me. Under the tendency of the times to specialize in all branches of science and art, American fiction has become a specialty, like Russian leather, the English Navy and the Neapolitan guitar, to succeed in which a man must be a born mujik, sailor or good-for-nothing. The competition is great, the competitors are gifted, and even were I able to spare five years for study in order to match myself with them, I should be tolerably certain of failure.

Am I any the less an American for this reason? If, as I have always been taught, I am free, does my freedom permit me to get my living in the best way I can, or does it not? I am aware, indeed, that a Russian subject can neither live in his country nor out of it without a written authorization for his existence, and I believe that this has been called tyranny in our own country, and in all probability by the very persons who seem inclined to apply a similar law to myself and to others who are more or less obliged to live aboad. So far as I know, however, no such law has as yet been passed in the United States, and it seems to me that an American citizen has a right to live where he likes, and to claim his citizenship, until he is foolish enough to forfeit it by accepting a foreign decoration for his coat, by taking foreign money for service rendered to a foreign government, or by hoisting a foreign ensign on his vessel.

The Author of "How to be Happy"

[*The Literary World*, London.]

THE REV. E. J. HARDY, author of 'How to be Happy though Married,' and other popular works, is the son of a clergyman in the (then) Established Church of Ireland. Mr. Hardy was born in 1849, and educated at the Royal School, Inniskillen, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took high honors, gaining the most valuable composition prize. In 1874 Mr. Hardy was ordained for a curacy near London, and this he held for three years, when a fondness for soldiers which he always had led him to become an army chaplain. In that capacity he has served abroad—in Bermuda, Halifax (N. S), Malta, and elsewhere—and is now stationed at Plymouth. It was the influence of Mr. Hardy's wife that first directed his thoughts to literature. That lady is the niece of the late Sir William Wilde, and first cousin of the famous Oscar. Having found the way to be happy himself, Mr. Hardy wished to share the secret with others, so he wrote 'How to be Happy though Married.' But, as most authors know, it is far easier to write a book than to get it published, for the work which has now become a favorite wedding-present, and has been translated into five or six other languages, was refused by at least nineteen publishers. Several of these mistaken gentlemen wrote to Mr. Hardy that if they did think of publishing his book, of course they would have to alter 'that dreadful title.' The author had to this a stereotyped answer. They might, he said, burn his MS. or write the book themselves, but they must not alter the title. Three years ago Mr. Hardy was a chaplain at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, our largest military hospital, and when there published a volume of sermons preached to the patients, called 'Faint, yet Pursuing.' This got into a popular edition, which is a rare thing for a book of sermons. The latest work of this author—'The Business of Life,' which we review this week—suggests the remark that it seems to be his aim to put as much 'business' as possible into his own life, for besides working hard as an army chaplain, he writes a good deal for the magazines, and is much sought for as a lecturer on 'Matrimony,' 'Manners,' and other subjects about which he has written. We may mention, in conclusion, that 'The Five Talents of Woman' has become a favorite prize book at girls' schools.

Current Criticism

ANTIQUITY OF THE SHORT STORY.—The short story is one of the oldest forms of literature. Moses was a master worker in it; and the whole of the Old Testament is filled with vivid, brilliant short stories, which some contemporary authors have attempted in some instances to amplify into stout volumes without adding

one iota to their dramatic strength and clearness. Esau and Jacob, Joseph the dreamer and his fortunes in Egypt, Hagar and Ishmael, Ruth and Naomi, David and Jonathan, and the uneasy Saul, Sampson and Delilah, are all distinct personalities in short romantic stories, which for terse, dramatic description and that element of delicate indefiniteness and suggestiveness, quickening the imagination of the reader, have never been equalled in literature. It is wonderful how these figures stand out, each one so vivid and distinct in the long gallery of historical and fictitious personages one has known in books, when one considers that there is in only a few instances a hint given of their characters. And yet Esther is as real to one as Becky Sharp or Queen Victoria; and she is a very much more interesting person than the latter; indeed, she is more real to one than the woman one talked to (no, I will say, *listened to*,—it adds a hundredfold to the strength of the argument, as anybody can discern in a moment) throughout dinner the other day. The French, in modern times, have made the nearest approach to the pregnant brevity of these stories. The English and American mind (perhaps the language is partly responsible) has usually in the production of literature gone too perilously near the extremes of prolixity or *précis* writing. The brilliant, vivid stories of the Old Testament are told in so few words as to put a hopeless distance between them and the productions of the most artistic of the modern impressionists and realists. And there is a still nobler quality about them, which scarcely any of the English or American novelists and storywriters have dared to emulate; and this is their simple, natural treatment of the vital relations of human life. I would not for worlds be invidious, but I should certainly like to know the name of one of those American authors who have made the short story their especial province, who has recently produced a short story equal to that of Esther and King Ahasuerus.—*At a Corner in Dodsley's, in The New England Magazine.*

'RIDER THE RIPPER.'—What an odd dual existence must be that of Mr. H. Rider Haggard! In real life, no doubt, an inoffensive, estimable, God-fearing citizen—one of those 'gentlemen and Christians' whom he delights to describe—who would not hurt a fly save in the way of 'sport,' he is in imagination a very Attila or Tamburlaine, rejoicing in cruelty, revelling in carnage. During the composition of such a book as this 'Nada the Lily' his mind must be a very shambles. He must wipe out an 'impi' or two every morning before breakfast, devise new methods of massacre as he chips his egg, wade through gore to luncheon, and devote his hours of relaxation to the planning of single combats, hairsbreadth 'scapes, and murders by retail. Can he sleep o' nights, one wonders, with his brain in this homicidal ferment? Yes, clearly he must snatch a certain amount of slumber, for the conception of the 'ghost-wolves' of the Witch Mountain can have come to him only in a nightmare. Most people, perhaps, have dreamt stories, or parts of stories, which seemed to their sleep-drugged sense inspirations of genius; but most people, on awaking, recognize their worthlessness. Mr. Haggard is the exception to this rule; hence his solemn chronicling of the exploits of Galazi with his ghost-wolves, Greysnout, Blackfang, Blood, Deathrip, and their company. Take it all in all, 'Nada the Lily' is probably the most sanguinary work of its size in existence. It is drenched, sodden, dripping with blood.—*The Pall Mall Budget.*

LITERATURE IN THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.—The journals which are generally accepted as illustrating the opinions, expounding the theories, and explaining the work of our scholars and philosophers are *The Quarterly, The Edinburgh, The Contemporary, The Nineteenth Century, The Fortnightly, The National* and *Macmillan*. (Their enumeration in this order means nothing.) * * * An examination of these magazines, conducted for *The Author*, has revealed the very extraordinary fact that out of the 800 articles published during the last three years in these magazines, 320—that is to say, two out of every five—are devoted to literature. Does, then, literature occupy the attention of the instructed class in the proportion of two-fifths of their whole thinking and reasoning moments? It would seem so from these figures. Yet one certainly knows a great many people who must be called instructed and cultured who read books, both new and old, but most certainly do not give much attention to the history of literature, to literary movements and to the criticism of dead or living literature. In the same way there is an immense number of people who read a certain proportion of new books—those which interest them—and care absolutely nothing for purely literary papers. For these people, both the cultured class who read the best books in their leisure hours and the class which reads only for amusement, these papers are not written. They are written for that small scholarly circle which interests itself especially in all literary subjects, delights in fine criticism, if haply that can be found, reads with avidity monographs on poets and novelists, and loves to hear of great writers and their private lives. It is by this circle that the Browning societies, the Shakespeare societies, and such associations are founded, and from this circle that they are kept up. The increasing extent of that circle is proved by the fact that there are five monthly magazines and two quarterlies which devote two-fifths of their space exclusively to the inhabitants of this circle.—*The Author, London.*

TITLES OF HONOR.—I should like to say very shortly why I agree with Mr. Lang rather than with Mr. Besant in the matter of conferring titles, orders, or other official State honors on the sole ground of literary or artistic merit. First, we have already the honorary degrees of our universities. Is it likely that any corresponding honors given by the State would be as highly esteemed, or more wisely conferred? Next, the proper object of official honor in this country, it seems to me, is official service, public service in the strict sense. Of the value of such services the State (that is, in the concrete, the head of the department concerned) is or ought to be not only a competent, but the most competent judge. In so far as literary and artistic institutions are under State direction or control (as the National Gallery, the Théâtre Français) this principle applies to persons who serve the State as directors or officers of such institutions, but not farther or otherwise. General literary or artistic reputation, on the other hand, must depend in the long run on the general opinion of persons of knowledge and taste; an opinion which often is not settled for a generation or more. I see no reason to think that an official judgment in these matters would be specially competent, or even free from danger of being incompetent. I am quite aware that the existing distribution of official honors could be reduced only with difficulty, if at all, to uniform principles, and that it does not invariably give satisfaction. This, I think, rather strengthens my argument. Also my purpose is to suggest what I believe to be the true general rule, not to deny that exception may fitly be made in singular cases. That of Lord Tennyson will occur to every reader. To discuss how far it is really exceptional would involve careful consideration of the relation of the peerage to other 'titles of honor,' and would exceed both *The Author's* space and my time.—*F. Pollock, in The Author.*

THE EFFECT GLOBE-TROTTING HAS HAD ON BERNHARDT.—Madame Bernhardt knows that the *bourgeois* delight in her wrigglings; and she does not reflect that sinuosity, too oft rehearsed, becomes as inexpressive as the rigidity of a Dutch doll. Once—'tis years ago—Sarah Bernhardt was dignified in gesture, refined in movement. And we cannot contemplate without regret her sacrifice of beauty to an easy effect. All the while she seems to say:—'Look, what an impression I am making! see how the Philistines shudder when I gaze and gasp and twitch my fingers in the air!' But too much may be returned for dollars; and she who sets forth to please the backwoods of civilization must be content to treasure elegance and restraint as a pleasant memory of the past. And the famous voice: how has that fared after years of globe-trotting? The articulation is as clear and sure as ever; the whisper has something of its ancient delicacy. But no voice—not even the *voix d'or*—can go on gurgling and squeaking unimpaired.—*The National Observer.*

Notes

WE SEND out with this week's paper an index to the last volume of *The Critic* (Jan.-June, 1892). The number of pages is 360, as against 342 in the corresponding volume last year. This is Vol. XVII. of the new series, though the whole number of volumes to date is twenty, the paper having been issued uninterruptedly since the appearance of the first number in January, 1881.

—Of M. Zola's new novel, 'La Débâcle,' 66,000 copies were sold in Paris on the day of publication, and another 20,000 were promptly printed. Some 1,304,000 copies have been sold of those of Zola's novels which are comprised in the Rougon Macquart series; 'Nana' heading the list with 160,000 copies, after which come 'L'Assommoir' with 124,000 and 'La Terre' with 100,000. These figures refer to the editions in French.

—M. Zola, in writing his latest novel, which took him fifteen months, is said to have filled 1033 sheets of paper. '*Figaro* improves the occasion with some further statistics,' says the *Tribune*; 'such as that M. Zola used 500 goose-quills, of which 225 had white and the remainder yellow beaks, except for the last chapter, which he wrote with a steel nib, so as to be more forcible;

that he consumed five and one-fourth pints of black ink, and half a pint of red (which inspires him when his imagination fails), and that he was twice compelled to renew his blotting-pad on account of accidents with the inkstand; with other details of similar importance.'

—'God's Image in Man,' by Henry Wood of Boston, has been republished in England by Mr. Elliot Stock.

—Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has raised during the past five months $7110.29 for the relief of the peasants in the famine-stricken districts of Russia. The money has been sent to the Tolstois for distribution, and the fund is now closed.

—Prof. J. V. Sládek, the editor of the Prague newspaper *Lumír*, has made a translation of some one hundred and fifty of the songs and ballads of Burns into Czech. This version is shortly to be published by the Royal Academy of Science and Letters in Prague. In every instance the Bohemian translator has preserved the metrical form of the original.

—A despatch dated Chicago, June 29th, ran as follows:—'Robert Burns Hutchinson, the last but one of the male descendants of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, is thought to be dying, at St. Luke's Hospital, this city, the result of a midnight assault by footpads, three weeks ago. With the exception of a few hours immediately following the attack, he has been bereft of reason. Mr. Hutchinson is thirty-seven years of age, and was born at Cheltenham, Eng. His mother was the daughter of Col. James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet.'

—In Part 14 of the Ruskin Bibliography, collectors are warned that the initials 'J. R.' at the end of a poem do not necessarily stand for John Ruskin and that in American editions of his works spurious verses so signed have been included. This, of course, does not refer to the authorized editions of Ruskin published here by Charles E. Merrill & Co.

—*Book News* for July is rich in illustrations from new books, and presents life-like portraits of Col. Alexander McClure of the Philadelphia *Times* and of Richard Harding Davis, the young Philadelphian, whose stories of life in American cities have made him famous.

—A writer in the Boston *Herald* has this to say of Miss Mary Wilkins:—

You would know her at a glance for a New England woman who had been bred in a small town. She has been compared to the fragrant and modest May flowers, and you think of it the moment you see her. Miss Wilkins has spent much time in Boston this winter, staying with her friend Mrs. Delano on Louisburg Square. She has enjoyed it so much that she declares she has not worked as she should have done. So she gave up the trip she was to have made to Europe, to punish herself. At present Miss Wilkins is at Randolph at work on several stories. Successful as she is, Miss Wilkins's great ambition has not been realized; it is to write a play.

Of Miss Wilkins's stories, *The Spectator* says:—'They are among the most remarkable feats of what we may call literary impressionism in our language, so powerfully do they stamp on the reader's mind the image of the classes and individuals they portray without spending on them a single redundant scene, a single superfluous word.'

—The question, 'What has been done to commemorate the achievements of the late Dr. Schliemann?,' is answered as follows by a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—

Outside the Greek cemetery, on a little hillock, there is a simple white marble cross erected over the grave of the great archæologist. On the cross are the words, in gold, 'Henry Schliemann,' but at present nothing else beyond this inscription. But there is scaffolding around the tomb, and an imposing marble cenotaph is to be placed there by direction of the widow of Dr. Schliemann, who shared so ably in his labors of research. At Mykenæ one of the treasure-houses has been called after Mrs. Schliemann. The contents of the excavated chambers at Mykenæ and Tiryns have been removed to Athens, where they are splendidly arranged in the noble Schliemann Museum. * * * Since the death of the great explorer, in December, 1890, Mrs. Schliemann has continued to reside in Athens, and her daughter has just recently become betrothed to a well-known inhabitant thereof.

—A writer in the Boston *Herald* says that when Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who knows Thomas Hardy very well, was asked whether Hardy was as cynical about women as his 'Group of Noble Dames' would imply, she replied:—'But he doesn't think that he is cynical. He thinks that he is photographic. I know no man who likes women better, and there is nothing that a woman could possibly do that would seem to him wrong.'

—A twelvemonth ago attention was directed in *The Pall Mall* to the untended condition of Goldsmith's grave in one of the courts of the Inner Temple. Admirers of the poet who are attracted thither by the seclusion and quiet of the 'shadie nook,' will note that the gravestone has been recently re-lettered. 'The Benchers might see to it that the last resting-place of "poor Noll" should at the least be encircled by a neat railing, in order to prevent the desecration of the spot by heedless feet.'

—*The Dial* of Chicago, in which Mr. Francis F. Browne, the editor, has hitherto had a small pecuniary interest, has now become his alone, its ownership by a publishing-house (A. C. McClurg & Co.) being thought disadvantageous to it as suggesting a certain lack of literary independence.

—'Too much importance,' says *The Athenæum*, 'has been given to the so-called "unearthing" of the auction catalogue of Johnson's library, sold by Mr. Christie on February 16th, 1785. The pamphlet is interesting, but not extremely rare—not nearly so rare, for instance, as the auction catalogue of Goldsmith's library—and is well-known to most Johnson collectors.'

—Pope's Villa, Twickenham, which once belonged to the little poet, and was the scene wherein he composed many of his works, is in the market. It has been occupied for nearly a quarter of a century by Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P. The grounds are extensive, and run down to the river's edge. The show place in them is the grotto, which is supposed to have been Pope's favorite resort. The villa is prettily situated in a nest of trees.

—Lady Henry Somerset has completed arrangements for starting a new women's paper, to be called the *White Ribbon*, of which she will act as editor-in-chief. The Duchess of Bedford, Lady Carlisle, Miss Frances Willard, Mrs. Pearsall Smith (the latter two being American ladies), and other well-known workers in this cause are actively interested in the movement.

—Judge Cate of Amesbury, an intimate friend of Mr. Whittier, states that the poet is feeling fairly well, but not quite in his usual spirits. In two weeks he will go to Danvers, where he will spend a month, and later will go to the White Mountains, where he will spend the remainder of the season.

—The edition of Caxton's 'Golden Legend' printed by William Morris, the poet, at his private press, is embellished with ornamental letters and borders by Mr. Morris himself, and Burne-Jones has made two full-page illustrations for the volume. The present price (about $48) is to be raised on the day of publication. The work is a reprint of the edition of 1484.

—A series of essays on archæological and historical subjects, collected by the late Prof. Freeman not long before his death, is being prepared for the press by the historian's daughter, Mrs. Evans. It is also said that he left some notes for a biography of Hannibal in the Heroes of the Nation Series, but that they are not in a condition for publication.

—The following extract is from 'A Visit to Count Tolstoï' in *The Cornhill Magazine*:—

In parting from Count Tolstoï, he gave utterance to the following remarkable and sad words:—'I do not know whether what I am doing is for the best, or whether I ought to tear myself away from this occupation. All I know is that I cannot leave this work. Perhaps it is weakness; perhaps it is my duty which keeps me here. But I cannot give it up, even if I should like to. Like Moses on Mount Horeb, I shall never see the fruit of my labors. I shall never know whether I have been acting for the best or not. My fear is that what I am doing is only a palliative.' Surely, when the historian comes to cover the canvas of the latter half of the nineteenth century, he will find no more pathetic figure for his painting than that of the great genius Tolstoï, battling with famine and fever, and striving with all his might and main to bring about the universal brotherhood of mankind, and yet pursued by doubts as to whether, after all, there is not some better way which he does not see.

The Free Parliament

[*All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.*]

QUESTIONS

1663.—Will you kindly explain the following allusions in Saintsbury's 'Essays on French Novelists'? 1. 'For pass away he [Zola] must, having neither of the two lasting qualities of literature. One of these is style; the other is the artistic presentation of matter. The first he probably could not have attained, if he would; the second he has deliberately rejected, and so the *mother of dead dogs* awaits him sooner or

later.' (Page 7.) 2. 'At every successive reading [of "Salammbô"] we grow accustomed to the grisly gorgeous world in which we find ourselves; the painting of God's judgments in purple and crimson becomes as natural as it was in a certain *Hollow City*.' (Page 353.)

BOSTON. L. T. C.

1664.—Can anyone give a list of the American contributors to 'The Encyclopædia Americana,' published by Carey & Lea of Philadelphia in 1831, under the editorial charge of Dr. Lieber?

BOSTON, MASS. E. E. H.

1665.—Who publishes A. Hayward's 'Art of Dining'?

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. P., M. & Co.

[The book was issued in London, by John Murray, in 1852.]

ANSWERS

1659.—I.

Take the bright shell from its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes it will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved to the end of the earth.

The thing is anonymous.

ORANGE, N. J. P.

1662.—See Boston Letter in *Critic* of July 2.

Publications Received

RECEIPT *of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.*]

Bacheller, I. The Master of Silence. 75c.	Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Black, W. Magic Ink, and Other Stories	Harper & Bros.
Campbell-Praed, Mrs. December Roses.	D. Appleton & Co.
Carleton, W. City Festivals.	Harper & Bros.
Dickson, W. B. Modern Punctuation. 75c.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Dictionary of National Biography. Ed. by S. Lee. Vol. XXXI. $3.75.	Macmillan & Co.
Donelson, K. Roger Latimer's Mistake. $1.	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Dumas, A. The Black Tulip. 25c.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Ebers, G. A Thorny Path. Tr. by C. Bell. 2 Vols.	D. Appleton & Co.
Ferguson, G. Our Earth. 3s.	London: T. Fisher Unwin
Fielding H. Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon. Ed. by A. Dobson. $4.	Macmillan & Co.
Hunter-Duvar, J. Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages. $2.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Ingersoll, E. Appleton's Canadian Guide-Book Part II.	D. Appleton & Co.
Kennedy, W. S. John G. Whittier. $2.50.	Funk & Wagnalls.
Lang, A. Helen of Troy. 75c.	Macmillan & Co.
Lanza, C. A Golden Pilgrimage.	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Marvell, A. Poems & Satires. Ed. by G. A. Aitken. 2 Vols. $3.50	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
McKendrick, J. G. Life in Motion. $1.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Ober, C. F., and Westover, C. M. Manhattan. 75c.	Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Olmis, E. Morris Julian's Wife. 50c.	Robert Bonner's Sons.
Oman, C. W. C. Byzantine Empire. $1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Parkin, G. R. Imperial Federation. $1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Parlor Organ Galaxy, Vol. II. Ed. by W. F. Sudds.	Boston: O. Ditson Co.
Pike, W. Barren Ground of Northern Canada. $2.	Macmillan & Co.
Pool, M. L. Mrs. Keats Bradford.	Harper & Bros.
Revell, W. F. Browning's Criticism of Life. 90c.	Macmillan & Co.
Shaw, E. R. English Composition by Practice.	Henry Holt & Co.
Sherwood, M. E. W. A Transplanted Rose. 50c.	Harper & Bros.
Wagner, R. The Mastersingers of Nuremberg. Tr. by J. P. Jackson.	J. P. Jackson.
Winter, J. Experiences of a Lady Help. $1.	Hovendon Co.

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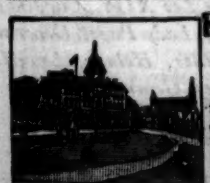

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